

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Now the King drinks to Hamlet, come beginne. *Trumpets*
 And you the Iudges beare a wary eye. *the while.*
 Ham. Come on sirs.
 Laer. Come my Lord.
 Ham. One.
 Laer. No.
 Ham. Judgement.
 Ostr. A hit, a very palpable hit. *Drum, trumpets and shot.*
 Laer. Well, againe. *Flourish, a peace goes off.*
 King. Stay, giue me drinke, Hamlet this pearle is thine.
 Heeres to thy health, giue him the cup.
 Ham. Ile play this bout first, set it by a while
 Come, another hit. What say you?
 Laer. I doe confest.
 King. Our sonne shall winne.
 Quee. Hee's fat and scant of breath.
 Heere Hamlet take my napkin rub thy browes,
 The Queene carowfes to thy fortune Hamlet.
 Ham. Good Madam.
 King. Gertrard, doe not drinke.
 Quee. I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.
 King. It is the poyfined cup, it is too late.
 Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam, by and by.
 Quee. Come, let me wipe thy face.
 Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him now.
 King. I doe not think it.
 Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.
 Ham. Com for the third Laertes, you doe but dally.
 I pray you passe with your best violence
 I am lured you make a wanton of me.
 Laer. Say you so come on.
 Ostr. Nothing neither way.
 Laer. Haue at you now.
 King. Part them, they are incens'd.
 Ham. Nay come againe.
 Ostr. Look to the Queene there hoe.
 Hora. They bleed on both sides, how is it my Lord?
 Ostr. Ho! ist Laeres?
 Laer. Why as a woodcock to mine owne sprindge. *Ostrick*

Prince of Denmarke.

I am iustly kild with mine owne treachery.
 Ham. How does the Queene?
 King. She sounds to see them bleed.
 Quee. No no, the drinke, the drinke, O my deare Hamlet!
 The drinke, the drinke, I am poyfined.
 Ham. O villanie! hoe let the dore be lock't,
 Treachery, seeke it out.
 Laer. It is heere Hamlet, thou art flaine,
 No medcin in the world can do thee good,
 In thee there is not halfe an houres life,
 The treacherous instrument is in my hand
 Vnbated and enuenom'd, the foule practife
 Hath turn'd it selfe on me, loe here I lye
 Neuer to rise againe: thy mother's poyfined,
 I can no more, the King, the Kings too blame.
 Ham. The point enuenom'd to, then venom to thy worke.
 All. Treason, treason.
 King. O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.
 Ham. Here thou incestious damned Dane,
 Drinke of this potion, is the Onixe heere?
 Follow my mother.
 Laer. He is iustly ferd, it is a poyson temperd by himsefe.
 Exchange forgiuenes with me noble Hamlet,
 Mine and my fathers death come not vppon thee,
 Northine on me.
 Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee;
 I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew.
 You that looke pale and tremble at this chance,
 That are but mutes, or audience to this act,
 Had I but time as this fell Sergeant Death
 Is strict in his arrest, O I could tell you!
 But let it be; *Horatio* I am dead,
 Thou liuest, report me and my cause aright
 To the vnsatisfied.
 Hora. Neuer beleene it;
 I am more an antike Romane then a Dane,
 Heere's yet some liquor left.
 Ham. As th'art a man
 Giue me the cup, let goe, by heauen Ile hate,